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JULIUS CÆSAR

The Riverside Literature Series

JULIUS CÆSAR

By

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SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON

In order to enjoy and to understand Shakespeare's plays, we must imaginatively reconstruct London as it was during his lifetime. We must know, too, the vigorous Englishmen for whom he wrote. Their growing loyalty to their country made them eager to know the early history of Britain. But most Englishmen of this period could neither read nor write; they were, therefore, glad to learn from the chronicle plays of the exploits of early kings. Because they were superstitious, they enjoyed seeing ghosts and witches and fairies on the stage. The Londoners of Shakespeare's day were fond of music, of swift sword play, of vigorous action, of broad humor, and Shakespeare responded to these interests in the plays he wrote for their pleasure. The dramas we read and study to-day appealed to the popular taste of the Elizabethan. *Julius Cæsar* was a good play to Shakespeare's London.

Fewer than 200,000 persons lived in London then; it was a city of palaces and towers, fine churches, handsome residences, quaint old inns, old monasteries put to strange uses, and busy wharves bustling with commerce. Many times Shakespeare must have lounged on the Bankside watching the barges and ships manned by strange appearing sailors from distant lands. He saw there the royal barge with Queen Elizabeth and her train, busy merchants hurrying from wharf to wharf, and groups of pleasure-seekers going from London to the theaters and gardens.

London grew close to the Thames, and presented an unbroken chain of houses between the Tower to the east and Westminster to the west. Famous London Bridge spanned the river not far from the Tower, and Saint Paul's overlooked the city from the west. Part of London lay within

the line of the old wall, and though the suburbs were rapidly growing, a short walk brought one to the woods and open country.

Soldiers and sailors freed from the wars in Ireland, refugees and outlaws from abroad, and the unemployed from the provinces sought a home in London. With so many idle men roaming the streets, Shakespeare had opportunities to observe mobs and street brawls, and his street scenes in *Julius Cæsar* may have received color from these London mobs.

The historic Thames River carried much of the travel and commerce of England on its broad back. It is still one of England's chief sources of greatness. Ships from distant countries then as now brought their rich cargoes to London and sailed away with English merchandise. The Thames was not the dark and muddy river over which Londoners pass to-day. In its waters swam salmon and other fish, stately swans added beauty, and gorgeous pageants gave life and charm to this waterway.

London Bridge, one of the wonders of Europe, connected the city with Bankside. A draw in the center permitted ships with high masts to pass through. William Camden wrote: "The Thames by its safe and deep channel was able to entertain the greatest ships in existence, daily bringing in great riches from all parts that it striveth with the mart-towns of Christendom for the second prize and affordeth a most sure and beautiful Roade for shipping." Londoners crossed the Bridge to visit the rings for the baiting of bulls and bears, which were kept in kennels near by. The Globe Theater stood close to these places of entertainment. The Bridge was lined with houses on either side. One might have mistaken the passage for a street except that the houses were joined at the top. At each end was a watermill for grinding corn.

Famous old London Tower guarded the city. No longer was it a royal residence, but a forbidding fortress into which prisoners were thrown. In this grim Tower

many doomed men were victims of the block. In 1598 it housed a primitive zoölogical garden, where three lionesses, one lion, a tiger, a wolf, a porcupine, and a lynx were all kept in a place "fitted up for the purpose with wooden lattices at the Queen's expense."

Among the conspicuous buildings of early London were the churches. The old monasteries had been variously converted to other uses; Blackfriars and Whitefriars were now theaters. But the chief glory of London was the Cathedral of Saint Paul's, for its size and noble proportions gave it a commanding dignity. In the churchyard was Paul's Cross, "a pulpit cross of timber, mounted on steps of stone and covered with lead, where sermons are preached every Sunday in the forenoon." The churchyard was always crowded, for it was the common meeting place. Business of every kind was transacted there; usurers met their victims, and lawyers drove shrewd bargains with their clients. Dekker describes the strange crowd composed of "the knight, the gallant, the upstart, the gentleman, the clown, the captain, the apple-squire, the lawyer, the usurer, the citizen, the bankrupt, the scholar, the beggar, the doctor, the idiot, the ruffian, the cheat, the Puritan, the cut-throat, highman, lowman, and thief; of all trades and professions some; of all countries some. Thus, while Devotion kneels at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of Religion." And here Shakespeare mingled with the crowd.

How easy it is for us to catch the activity and bustle of London! The streets were crowded and the shops, displaying their wares, were open on them. Englishmen lived on the street the greater part of the day, for business took them abroad. We hear the very noise of the city in the following quotation from Harrison, in his *Description of England*:

"Paul's Walk is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its per-

fectest motion, jostling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages, and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz, mixed of walking, tongues and feet. It is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. It is the synod of all parties politic, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the parliament. . . .

"In every street, carts and coaches make such a thundering as if the world ran upon wheels: at every corner, men, women and children meet in such shoals, that posts are set up of purpose to strengthen the houses, lest with jostling one another they should shoulder them down. Besides, hammers are beating in one place, tubs hooping in another, pots clinking in a third, water-tankards running at tilt in a fourth. Here are porters sweating under burdens, there merchants' men bearing bags of money. Chapmen (as if they were at leap frog) skip out of one shop into another. Tradesmen (as if they were dancing galliards) are lusty at legs and never stand still. All are as busy as country attorneys at an assizes."

Streets and roads were narrow and crooked; they were unevenly paved, muddy and filthy, and overcrowded with traffic. Narrow walks hugged the houses and allowed scant room for travelers to pass, and young gallants quarreled over the right of way, for open sewers ran along one side, and the gay coats of strollers were often splashed with filth as the coaches rattled by. An official of London was flogged in the reign of Elizabeth for neglecting the repair of the highway. He received 313 stripes, one for each gully which crossed the streets between the Royal Exchange and Westminster, a distance of less than two miles.

Coaches were becoming more common in London and they made travel on foot hazardous. Harrison gives a modern touch to the fine ladies with "lap dogs to lie in their

laps and lick their lips as they lie like young Dianas in their waggons and coaches (yea, they oft feed them of the best where the poor man's child at their doors can hardly come by the worst)." Stow describes the dangers of London traffic: "The coachman rides behind the horsetails, lasheth them, and looketh not behind him; the drayman sitteth and sleepeth on his dray, and letteth his horse lead him home. . . . Now of late years the use of coaches brought out of Germany is taken up, and made so common, as there is neither distinction of time nor difference of persons observed; for the world runs on wheels with many whose parents were glad to go on foot."

The roads leading to London were also dangerous, for highway robbers were sometimes in league with the inns. The night traveler needed both light and weapon. In 1587 Harrison gave this picture of the roads: "This I know by experience, that whereas some streets within these five and twenty years have been in most places fifty foot broad according to the law, whereby the traveller might either escape the thief, or shift the mire, or pass by the loaden cart without danger of himself and his horse; now they are brought unto twelve, or twenty, or six and twenty at the most, which is another cause also whereby the ways be the worse, and many an honest man encumbered in his journey. But what speak I of these things whereof I do not think to hear a just redress, because the error is so common, and the benefit thereby so sweet and profitable to many by such houses and cottages as are raised upon the same."

The plague came at regular intervals; it stalked abroad in the "stinking lanes," for there were no public health measures. The water supply was inadequate, and dirt and disease were plentiful. The people were unclean, ill-fed, and poorly housed. Twice in Shakespeare's time was London ravaged by the plague. The science of medicine was in an elementary stage, and consumption, smallpox, and ague were common and deadly, for doctors had no knowledge of the scientific prevention and cure of disease.

In London alone the plagues of 1593, 1603, and 1625 brought 100,000 deaths. The span of life was brief.

The period, however, was one of great prosperity for the upper classes. It was a time of commercial expansion, and great fortunes were made by bankers and merchants. Commerce was more important than chivalry. If a man was clever, he might gain enough by his wits to buy a knighthood. But for all this prosperity, the city was overcrowded with poor people who had come in from the country because of poverty and lack of work. Little sympathy existed between the two groups, for at that time there was no understanding between the varying social classes. Nashe says: "In London, the rich disdain the poor. The courtier the citizen. The citizen the country man. One occupation disdaineth another. The merchant the retailer. The retailer the craftsman. The better sort of craftsman the baser. The shoemaker the cobbler. The cobbler the carman."

Society, however, was less bound to tradition than it ever had been. Opportunities did come to change one's social status. Sons might earn higher rank than their fathers could give them, for Chance helped certain favored men. Fortunes and rank were won or lost, on sea, in trade, in church, in letters, or in statecraft. The rise of the middle class was marked.

Luxury among the better classes was general. The dress was elaborate. Garments were costly and colors were gaudy, while jewels were abundant and ornate. And the gentlemen of the period loved color and embroidery, ruffs and feathers, as much as did their fine ladies. Cleanliness did not exist. "Perfumes took the place of baths, and rushes, seldom renewed, covered the floor even of the chamber of Elizabeth." Strange and curious things were constantly being introduced by returning travelers. Toothpicks were used by fashionable people. Potatoes and tobacco were brought over from America, and forks were introduced from Italy. King James I expressed his royal

disapproval of tobacco in these words: "A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

A German traveler noted among the curious things he found in England: "At these spectacles and everywhere else, the English are constantly smoking the Nicotian weed which in America is called *Tobaca* — others call it *Paetum* — and generally in this manner: they have pipes on purpose made of clay, into the farther end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into powder, and lighting it, they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils, like funnels." There was always adventure and novelty for those with open eyes and ears, and Shakespeare has given us the whole picture of this delightful and romantic period in his dramas.

Shakespeare knew and loved Elizabethan London. He loitered along its crowded streets; he enjoyed the picturesque sights along the Thames. He mixed with people at London Bridge and Saint Paul's and the Bear Gardens. In the theaters he observed them. The woods and open fields near London were dear to him, and they may have contributed to his understanding and knowledge of nature quite as much as did his early life at Stratford. The Forest of Arden and Hampstead Woods, four miles from London, may have been the same to Elizabethan audiences. Shakespeare loved the English people with their growing national pride, their fondness for dress and sports and pageants. He knew their superstitions and their fears. He saw these men in all their contradictions and strength and weakness. Shakespeare wrote to please them, and to-day we know the Elizabethans best through his dramas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS — *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA — *senators*

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA — *conspirators against Julius Cæsar*

FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS, *tribunes*

ARTEMIDORUS *of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric*

A Soothsayer

CINNA, *a poet*

Another Poet

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, VOLUMNIUS — *friends to Brutus and Cassius*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS — *servants to Brutus*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.

Julius Cæsar. The name of the great Roman was Caius Julius Cæsar; Julius being his tribal or family name (like Campbell or Graham). But in his branch of the gens the cognomen Cæsar had been added (for reasons unknown) to the family name some generations before, so that the dictator was the eighteenth Julius Cæsar in his own direct line; the others having for their first names, or prenomens, Sextus, Lucius, or, like him, Caius. In Rome he would never be called Julius Cæsar; but by his friends Caius, and by the public Cæsar, *par excellence*. [So world-wide did the name become as a synonym for chieftainship that even the Slavic races appropriated it. The Russian Czar or Tsar is the same word.]

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

Scene I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAV. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

CAR. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MAR. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

COB. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, 10
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

COB. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

FLAV. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

COB. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

3. *mechanical*: mechanics, common mechanics.
4. *the sign of your profession*: working clothes and tools.
10. *in respect of*: in comparison with.
11. *cobbler*: a clumsy workman at any trade.
12. *directly*: in a straightforward manner.
15. *naughty*. How has this word changed in meaning since Shakespeare's time?
knave: a servant, not a rascal. Originally used to describe a boy.
16. *out*: be not angry with me. Elizabethan audiences enjoyed puns. Point out the puns in this scene.

MAR. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

COB. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COB. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COB. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

MAR. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear
Have you not made an universal shout,

26. *proper*: good-looking, handsome.

neat's leather: shoes made of the hides of horned cattle, the steer, the heifer.

32. *his triumph*: Cæsar's fifth and last triumph, in honor of his victory at Munda, Spain, March 17, B.C. 45.

34. *tributaries*: captives of war; their countries would pay tribute to Rome.

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAV. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whe'er their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MAR. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

47. *replication*: echo.
50. *cull*: select, choose.
52. *Pompey's blood.* Cæsar had just defeated Pompey's sons in Spain.
55. *intermit*: suspend, avert. Plagues were regarded in this period as a form of divine punishment for sins.
58. *sort*: social rank; i.e., working class.
62. *whe'er*: whether. *metal*: mettle, disposition, spirit.
65. *disrobe the images*: take away the wreaths from the busts or statues of Cæsar.
66. *ceremonies*: ornaments or festal wreaths.
68. *feast of Lupercal*: an old Roman festival celebrated in honor of

FLAV. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer; after them* MARULLUS *and* FLAVIUS.

CÆS. Calpurnia!

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

CÆS. Calpurnia!

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANT. Cæsar, my lord?

CÆS. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,

Lupercus on February 15. Look up the derivation of the word February.

70. *trophies*: symbols of victory. Trace the history of the word.

71. *vulgar*: common people. The original meaning of the word.

74. *pitch*: a technical term in falconry; the highest point to which the falcon soars. Study the subject of falconry in the *Americana* or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Antony, for the course (stage direction). Dressed as a runner for the ceremony that was to aid the return of spring at the feast of Lupercalia.

Soothsayer (stage direction): a prophet, a truth-sayer.

4. *course*: the race that was run at the feast of Lupercalia.

Shake off their sterile curse.

ANT. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

CÆS. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*

SOOTH. Cæsar!

CÆS. Ha! who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

CÆS. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. What man is that?

BRU. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CÆS. Set him before me; let me see his face.

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

CÆS. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

CAS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRU. Not I.

CAS. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

9. *their sterile curse*: the curse of having no children. Cæsar's only daughter had died ten years before. A superstition about the feast of Lupercal was that any Roman woman who was struck by the leather thongs carried by the runners would have a child. Cæsar's enemies thought he wished a son in order to establish a dynasty.

11. *Set on*: move on; set out.

18. *ides of March*: March 15.

24. *a dreamer*: a visionary.

Sennet: a particular set of notes on the trumpet used as a signal to begin a march.

25. *order of the course*: the running of the priests in the streets.

28. *gamesome*: fond of sports and games.

29. *quick*: lively. Compare with *quicksilver* and the expression "The *quick* and the dead."

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRU. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

34. *show*: evidence, sign. *wont*: accustomed.
35. *too stubborn and too strange a hand*: violent and unfamiliar. The term is borrowed from horsemanship. What picture do you see?
39. *Merely*: wholly, entirely.
40. *passions of some difference*: conflicting desires and opinions.
41. *proper to myself*: peculiar to myself.
42. *soil*: basis, groundwork. Or possibly tarnish, blemish. Which meaning is better?
45. *construe*: explain, interpret. How is the word accented here?
48. *mistook your passion*: misunderstood your feeling.
49. *By means whereof*: because of which.

CAS. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know

54. *just*: true.
58. *shadow*: reflection, your true self.
59. *Where*: that.
61. *yoke*: a cross-bar upon the shoulder, from which pails are hung. It symbolizes a burden.
69. *modestly discover*: will show you without exaggeration that side of yourself, etc.
71. *jealous on me*: suspicious of me.
72. *a common laugher*: jester, joker.
73. *To stale*: to make cheap or common.
74. *every new protester*: every new claimant for my friendship.
75. *fawn on*: flatter.
76. *after*: afterwards. This use of *after* is now obsolete.

That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

BRU. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CAS. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

77. *profess myself in banqueting*: make offers of friendship to all the company under stimulus of eating and drinking.

78. *all the rout*: the crowd, the mass. Used with contempt.

87. *indifferently*: impartially, unconcernedly.

88. *speed*: bless, assist, favor. What does the term *Godspeed* mean?

91. *favour*: appearance, looks. Have you ever heard the expression "a boy favors his father"? Note *ill-favored*.

95. *lief not be*, etc. I would as soon die as live. How should *lief* be pronounced for the play on *live*?

101. *chafing*: rubbing against.

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain.
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake — 'tis true, this god did shake.
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

105. *Accoutred*: dressed, clothed.

109. *hearts of controversy*: resisting it with eager and courageous hearts, such hearts as men carry into controversy or battle.

112. *Æneas*: son of Anchises and Venus. The founder of the Roman nation.

122. *His coward lips*: his lips grew pale from the chill. The words suggest a soldier fleeing from his colors.

123. *bend*: glance, frown.

124. *his lustre*: its lustre, brightness. "*Its* did not come into use until late in the sixteenth century." Rolfe.

126. *Mark*: notice.

Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
BRU. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!

129. *feeble temper*: weak nature or constitution.

131. *bear the palm*: win the prize; the palm was the symbol of victory.

136. *Colossus*: the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. It was a statue of Apollo one hundred and five feet high. Look up the derivation of the word *colossal*.

140. *stars*: Look under the word *astrology* in the *Americana* or in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for the old belief that stars governed the destiny of men. What are ill-starred lovers?

141. *underlings*: servile persons. Barrie's "Dear Brutus" is a charming play based on these lines.

146. *conjure with 'em*: try to raise the dead by using these names as a charm. "Brutus" is as powerful a name as any in Rome.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome

152. *great flood*: the flood of Deucalion. Read the story of Deucalion and Pyrrha in any Greek mythology: Sabin, Gayley, or Guerber.

156. *Rome indeed and room enough.* Note the pun. The two words were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day.

159. *Brutus*: Lucius Junius Brutus, who led the revolt against the Roman kings.

once that would have brook'd, etc. Would have tolerated or endured the Devil to rule in Rome as readily as a king.

162. *am nothing jealous*: do not doubt.

163. *aim*: idea, inkling, guess.

170. *high things*: matters of importance.

171. *chew upon this*: turn it over and over in your mind. Look up the word *ruminate*.

Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

BRU. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

CAS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Reënter CÆSAR *and his train.*

BRU. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CAS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CÆS. Antonius!

ANT. Cæsar?

CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

ANT. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

174. *these*: such.

177. *struck*. The image is borrowed from the method of starting fire by rubbing steel and flint together.

183. *angry spot*: "An angry flush." Rolfe.

184. *chidden train*: crestfallen and scolded followers.

186. *ferret and such fiery eyes*: eyes red, sharp, and fierce like those of the ferret.

188. *cross'd in conference*: opposed in debate.

193. *Sleek-headed men*: well combed. What kind of men do you see?

197. *well given*: well disposed, pleasant.

CÆS. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca.*

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRU. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day
That Cæsar looks so sad.

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRU. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRU. What was the second noise for?

199. *liable to fear*: possible for such as me to be afraid. Note this excellent description of Cassius.

204. *he hears no music.* See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V, 1, 81–88, Riverside Literature Series No. 55.

219. *chanc'd*: happened.

221. *he put it by with the back of his hand.* Did Cæsar refuse it vigorously?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CAS. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRU. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CAS. Who offer'd him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRU. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar, for he swounded and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CAS. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Cæsar swound?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

228. *marry*: a weak oath probably originally meaning "By the Virgin Mary." Used here to express indignant surprise.

237. *coronets*: inferior crowns worn by persons of lesser rank than kings.

243. *the rabblement hooted*, etc.: the noisy crowd shouted in pleasure or applause.

247. *swounded*: swooned.

BRU. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

CAS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRU. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRU. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CAS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CAS. To what effect?

253. *falling sickness*: the old English name for epilepsy.

257. *tag-rag*: shiftless and shabby; literally, something made up of shreds and patches.

263. *pluck'd me ope his doublet*: opened his coat.

265. *a man of any occupation*: a mechanic. Or he may mean a practical man, a doer. Does Casca think Cæsar was acting a part?

270. *wenches*: girls.

278. *he spoke Greek*: the language used by highly cultivated Romans.

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smil'd at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CAS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promis'd forth.

CAS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CAS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

BRU. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

CAS. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRU. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CAS. I will do so; till then, think of the world. [*Exit Brutus.*

283. *it was Greek to me.* Casca probably understood Greek, but he puns on the word.

285. *put to silence*: executed.

288. *I am promis'd forth*: I have an engagement.

290. *your mind hold*: if you do not change your mind.

294. *blunt*: dull, curt, unceremonious. Which is better?

295. *quick metal*: a lively fellow; of fiery temper.

298. *tardy form*: sluggish, slow manner.

306. *think of the world*: reflect on the condition of affairs in Rome. To a Roman, the world was synonymous with Rome.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

CIC. Good even, Casca; brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

308. *honourable metal may be wrought*: honorable nature may be influenced.
309. *that it is dispos'd*: that to which it is disposed.
312. *bear me hard*: does not like me; looks on me with disfavor.
314. *He should not humour me.* To whom does *he* refer, Brutus or Cæsar? Explain the meaning.
315. *In several hands*: in different handwritings.
319. *glanced at*: hinted at, suggested.
320. *seat him sure*: guard against danger.
1. *brought*: escorted, accompanied.
3. *sway of earth*: order of nature, weight of this globe. Does this describe an earthquake?
4. *unfirm*: not steady.

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CIC. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA. A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides — I ha' not since put up my sword —
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,

6. *riv'd*: split.
11. *civil strife in heaven*: civil war among the gods.
12. *saucy with*: insolent towards.
13. *destruction*. The metre requires how many syllables?
14. *any thing more wonderful*: anything more that was wonderful.
20. *Against the Capitol*: opposite or near the Capitol.
21. *glar'd*: stared.
23. *Upon a heap*: in a crowd.
26. *bird of night*: the owl. In what stories or poems familiar to you is the owl mentioned as a bird of evil omen? The raven? The crow? See *Macbeth*, Act I, v, 35-36, and *Macbeth*, Act II, i, 72–73, Riverside Literature Series No. 106. Literature contains many such references. Pliny says, "The scritch-owl betokeneth alwaies some heavie newes."

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons; they are natural";
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CIC. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CIC. Good-night then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

CAS. Who's there?

CASCA. A Roman.

CAS. Casca, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

CAS. A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CAS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;

30. *These are their reasons*: this is their explanation. Does Casca believe these are supernatural occurrences?

32. *climate*: country, region.

35. *Clean*: completely.

42. *what night*: what a night.

47. *Submitting me*: exposing myself.

48. *unbraced*: with open coat. Does this passage suggest how Shakespeare had his Roman characters dress?

49. *thunder-stone*: thunder-bolt. Ask your teacher to explain to you the very interesting belief concerning this imaginary product of the thunder.

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CAS. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,

50. *cross*: zigzag or forked lightning.
58. *you do want*: you do lack.
60. *cast yourself in wonder*: throw yourself into a transport of wonder.
65. *old men fool, and children calculate*: old men act foolishly and children think wisely. An abnormal condition. Old men are supposed to be reflective and children playful.
66. *ordinance*: ordained nature and habits.
67. *preformed faculties*: powers created for particular ends.
71. *monstrous state*: fearful condition in the government.

A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CAS. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CAS. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

CASCA. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears

77. *prodigious*: unnatural, threatening.
78. *eruptions*: outbreaks.
82. *woe the while*: alas for the present time!
88. *save here in Italy.* Monarchy was forbidden among the Romans after the expulsion of the Tarquins.
90. *Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius*: Cassius will commit suicide.
95. *be retentive to*: can confine or retain the spirit.
98. *know all the world besides*: let all the world know too.

The power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold — my hand.
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CAS. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me

106. *hinds*: deer or menial servants. Which is better here?

108. *Begin it with weak straws.* "Just as men start a huge fire with worthless straws or shavings, so Cæsar is using the degenerate Romans of his time to set the whole world ablaze with his own glory." Hudson.

114. *My answer must be made*: I must answer for what I say; I shall be called to account for my words.

117. *fleering*: jeering. *Hold — my hand*: Here is my hand on it.

118. *Be factious*: be active; form a conspiracy.

124. *honourable-dangerous.* An interesting compound adjective. Shakespeare made many such.

In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

CAS. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

CIN. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CAS. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CIN. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CAS. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CIN. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

CAS. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CIN. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie

126. *Pompey's porch*: a building connected with Pompey's theatre.
128. *complexion*: character.
129. *favour*: appearance, aspect.
131. *Stand close*: keep out of sight.
135. *one incorporate*: one united or bound up with us.
143. *prætor's*: Roman magistrates chosen to administer justice. The papers were to be placed in Brutus's chair.

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
CAS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
CAS. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome.* BRUTUS'S *orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

BRU. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near today. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

151. *bestow*: place.
152. *Pompey's theatre*: the first stone theatre in Rome, built by Pompey, B.C. 55.
159. *countenance*: favor.
richest alchemy: the chemical process of changing base metals into gold, a popular belief of the period.
162. *right well conceited*: accurately judged; correctly estimated.
Brutus's orchard: not land containing fruit trees, but a garden.
1. *What, Lucius, ho! When, what,* and *why* were Elizabethan exclamations of impatience.
5. *when*, etc. Brutus shows irritation.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Call'd you, my lord?

BRU. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUC. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

BRU. It must be by his death; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

7. *taper*: small wax candle.

11. *spurn*: to reject Cæsar with contempt.

12. *the general*: the public, the people. *would be*: wishes to be.

14. *It is the bright day*, etc. Snakes love to bask in the bright sun, and so the glamor of being king will kindle the serpent in Cæsar.

15. *craves wary walking*: requires watchful walking. How does this continue the idea of the serpent?

that: if that were done; if Cæsar were crowned.

17. *do danger with*: do mischief or harm or wrong.

18. *abuse of greatness*, etc. There is danger that the man with power will not combine pity and tenderness with authority.

20. *affections sway'd*, etc. Cæsar's reason, not his emotions or blind impulse, governed him.

21. *common proof*: that is, commonly the case.

22. *lowliness*: humility; lack of pride.

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

BRU. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUC. I know not, sir.

BRU. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUC. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

BRU. The exhalations whizzing in the air

26. *base degrees*: lowly steps; lower rounds of the ladder. What is the original meaning of *degrees*?

28. *prevent*: get ahead of him; anticipate.

28, 29. *since the quarrel*, etc. "Since our case against him cannot be justified by what he is now." Criticize the fairness of Brutus's reasoning here.

30. *Fashion it thus*: take this view; put it this way.
augmented: added to.

31. *these and these extremities*: such and such extremities.

33. *as his kind*: like the rest of his species.

35. *closet*: study, private room. Compare with our use of the word to-day.

36. *a flint*. What did Lucius wish to do with the flint?

44. *exhalations*: meteors. See Act I, III for the description of the mysterious happenings. Find out from an encyclopædia what the ancients believed to be the origin of meteors.

Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself!
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

BRU. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The Genius and the mortal instruments

47. *redress*: set right the evil.

50. *took*: taken. Give other verbs in Elizabethan English which drop the *en*.

52. *one man's awe*: fear or dread of one man.

53. *My ancestors*: Lucius Junius Brutus. Is Shakespeare here historically accurate?

64. *motion*: impulse of mind or spirit to do a thing.

65. *phantasma*: vision, nightmare.

66. *Genius*: the mind, will.
mortal instruments: the bodily powers by which the commands

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
BRU. Is he alone?
LUC. No, sir, there are moe with him.
BRU. Do you know them?
LUC. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
BRU. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy!
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

of the mind are carried out. Does this note explain the passage satisfactorily to you? Editors disagree as to its meaning.

67. *the state of man*: the government of man.

70. *your brother*: your brother-in-law. Junia, sister to Brutus, was wife of Cassius.

72. *moe*: more.

73. *their hats*, etc. Shakespeare had in mind the slouched hats of Elizabethan England. What style of hat did the Romans wear?

76. *mark of favour*: distinction of face or feature. Where in the play is *favour* so used?

77. *faction*: the band of conspirators.

O conspiracy, etc. These conspirators must cover their faces even at night. How may they conceal themselves by day? Is there evidence here of "insurrection" in Brutus's mind?

83. *path*: walk forth. Some critics suggest *put*. Which is the better?

thy native semblance: thy true form or natural appearance.

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

CAS. I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
BRU. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
CAS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
BRU. He is welcome hither.
CAS. This, Decius Brutus.
BRU. He is welcome too.
CAS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
BRU. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
CAS. Shall I entreat a word? [*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*
DEC. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?
CASCA. No.
CIN. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

84. *Erebus*: the gloomy and dark space under the earth. Applied loosely to the lower world.
85. *from prevention*: from discovery.
86. *are too bold upon your rest*: are too bold in disturbing your rest.
98. *watchful cares*: worries that prevent sleep.
100. *Shall I entreat a word*: may I speak with you?
104. *fret*: break the edges; adorn; fleck. What dramatic purposes does this conversation serve?

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRU. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CAS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRU. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond

106. *as*: where.

107. *a great way growing*, etc. Is Casca accurate in saying that the sun rises far to the south on March 15?

108. *Weighing*: considering.

110. *high east*: exact east. We say to-day, *high* noon.

112. *your hands all over*. Brutus includes all the conspirators in the farewell handclasp.

114. *the face of men*. "The shame and reproval now manifest in the very faces of men." Thorndike.

115. *sufferance*: distress, suffering.

116. *break off betimes*: stop at once; let's drop the business at once.

117. *hence to his idle bed*: go to bed and be idle. We say *sick* bed.

118. *high-sighted*: haughty; lofty looks which ignore the lowly.

119. *drop by lottery*. "To die at the mere whim of the tyrant, just as by the mere chance of a lottery." Thorndike.

if these. What three things mentioned above are referred to by *these*?

123. *What*: why. The comparison implied is from what pastime dear to Englishmen?

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CAS. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CIN. No, by no means.

MET. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion

125. *Than secret Romans*: Romans pledged to secrecy.
126. *palter*: talk insincerely; quibble.
129. *cautelous*: cautious, sly. Roman law term, *cautela*, a security. Used here meaning wary to the degree of cowardice.
130. *carrions*: carcasses; men so spiritless as to be almost dead.
133. *even virtue*: steady, calm virtue.
134. *insuppressive mettle*: incapable of being suppressed.
135. *To think that*: so as to think.
136. *Did need*: ever could need.
138. *a several bastardy*: a distinct act of baseness against noble birth and ancestry.
141. *sound him*: test him.
144. *silver hairs*. Cicero was about sixty years old at this time. Comment on the apt choice of *silver*, *purchase*, and *buy* in the next lines.
145. *opinion*: reputation.

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

BRU. O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

CAS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.

DEC. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

CAS. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

148. *no whit*: nothing.

150. *break with him*: broach the plan to him; invite him to join the conspiracy.

157. *of him*: in him.

158. *A shrewd contriver*: mischievous or evil plotter. Brutus was the only conspirator who did not wish to slay Antony.

164. *envy*: malice, hatred.

169. *come by*: gain possession of.

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

CAS. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

BRU. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

TREB. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

175–178. *let our hearts*, etc. Let our hands follow the impulse of our hearts and afterwards we may reprove our hands for the act, just as masters may incite servants to do violence, then later reprove them. What does this tell you about the character of Brutus?

178. *purpose necessary and not envious*: the fact shall be evident that Cæsar's death was needed for Rome's good, not caused by malice on our part.

180. *purgers*: cleansers or purifiers of the state.

184. *ingrafted love*: love rooted and deeply implanted so that it had become a part of him.

187. *take thought and die*: die of grief. *Thought* used to mean *worry.*

188. *that were much*: much to be desired.

190. *no fear*: nothing to fear.

191. *Clock strikes.* Did the Romans have such clocks? Read concerning the history of striking clocks in the *Americana* or in any other good encyclopædia.

BRU. Peace! count the clock.
CAS. The clock hath stricken three.
TREB. 'Tis time to part.
CAS. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
DEC. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,

192. *stricken*. Shakespeare used the forms *struck*, *strucken*, and *stricken*. Do we ever use them to-day?

196. *Quite from the main opinion*: quite contrary to the fixed or dominating opinion.

197. *fantasy*: imagination. *ceremonies*: religious rites.

198. *apparent prodigies*: manifest omens and portents.

200. *augurers*: priests who interpreted omens. No Roman undertaking was begun without consulting the augurs for good omens.

204–206. *That unicorns*, etc. It is said that unicorns have been captured by the hunter running behind a tree, thus avoiding the animal, whose horn in the charge is then fastened in the tree. *Bears* were believed to stand motionless before a mirror, thus allowing the hunter a surer aim. *Elephants* were captured by placing a tempting bait over a pitfall covered with leaves and turf. *Lions* were snared with *toils* or nets.

208. *flattered*. How many syllables? Why?

210. *humour*: mood, temper.

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRU. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

CIN. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

MET. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey.
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRU. Now, good Metellus, go along by him.
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CAS. The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRU. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.
And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

213. *uttermost*: latest.

215. *doth bear Cæsar hard*: hates Cæsar.

216. *rated*: scolded, chided.

218. *go along by him*: go past his house on your way home.

219. *given him reasons*: treated him so that he loves me.

220. *fashion*: influence, mould.

225. *Let not . . . purposes*: let not our faces betray our purpose.

227. *formal constancy*: calmness in outward appearance; self-possession with dignity.

230. *honey-heavy dew*. "Slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet." Wright. What makes this an excellent expression?

231. *no figures nor no fantasies*: pictures created by the imagination. The double negative was common in Shakespeare's day.

Enter PORTIA.

POR. Brutus, my lord!

BRU. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition in the raw cold morning.

POR. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRU. I am not well in health, and that is all.

245. *Yet*: still.
246. *wafture*: wave. Shakespeare's only use of this word.
248. *impatience*: the rhythm of the line demands how many syllables for this word?
250. *humour*: caprice, whim.
251. *his hour*: its hour. 253. *shape*: face, body.
254. *prevail'd on your condition*: influenced your mind and temper.
255. *Dear my lord*. A common term. Compare "Good my lord," "Sweet my mother."

POR. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
BRU. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
POR. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
POR. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself

261. *physical*: healthy; favorable to one's bodily condition.
262. *unbraced*: with garments unfastened. *humours*: moistures.
263. *dank*: damp.
266. *rheumy*: moist; causing rheumatism. *unpurged*: unwholesome, impure.
268. *some sick offence*: some grief or sorrow that makes you sick.
271. *charm*: conjure, charge.
275. *heavy*: depressed, sad. Compare "a heavy heart."
281. *Is it excepted*, etc. "Is there an exception made that I should not know your secrets?"

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRU. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

POR. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRU. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:

283. *in sort or limitation*: in a limited manner. Do you like the compactness of such statements?

285. *suburbs*: outskirts.

289, 290. *the ruddy drops that visit*, etc. When did Harvey publish his discovery of the circulation of the blood?

295. *well-reputed*: of honorable name.

307. *construe*: interpret.

308. *charactery*: indications; lines of thought expressing my saddened face.

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

LUC. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
BRU. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
LIG. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
BRU. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
LIG. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
BRU. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
LIG. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
BRU. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
LIG. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
BRU. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
LIG. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

312. *how?* With what interpretation should the line be read?
313. *Vouchsafe good morrow*: receive or accept good morning.
315. *kerchief.* Ill people wore a *kerchief* to cover the head.
323. *exorcist*: one who raises spirits; a magician.
324. *mortified spirit*: insensible, deadened spirit.
331. *To whom*: him to whom; Cæsar, the victim.
Set on your foot: go ahead; go forward.

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

BRU. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. CÆSAR'S *house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

CÆS. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help! ho! they murther Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord?

CÆS. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERV. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

CAL. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CÆS. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CAL. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

night-gown: a loose dressing-gown, not a sleeping robe.
1. *Nor . . . nor*: neither . . . nor.
5. *present*: immediate.
6. *success*: good fortune in the outcome.
13. *stood on ceremonies*: believed in omens and auguries.
16. *watch*: the guard who patrolled the streets. A figure common to Shakespeare's London.

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CÆS. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

CAL. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CÆS. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

SERV. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

20. *right form of war*: regular battle procedure.

22. *hurtled*: clashed, whirled.

24. *ghosts did shriek*. In what books have you met ghosts with power of speech? A common belief in Shakespeare's day.

25. *all use*: all custom; ordinary occurrence.

27. *Whose end is purpos'd*: the completion of which is designed.

29. *Are to the world*, etc. These omens apply to the entire world as much as they do to Cæsar.

40. *a heart within the beast*. How many puns have you found in Shakespeare's play?

CÆS. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.
CAL. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
CÆS. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
DEC. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
CÆS. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.
CAL. Say he is sick.
CÆS. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
DEC. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

46. *We*: Danger and Cæsar.

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CÆS. The cause is in my will; I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CÆS. And this way have you well expounded it.

DEC. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,

73. *satisfaction.* How should the word be pronounced?

76. *to-night*: last night. Shakespeare used the word in both old and new meanings.

statuë. Three syllables.

78. *lusty*: strong, vigorous.

80, 81. *portents and evils imminent*: signs and pursuing evils.

89. *tinctures*: stains. This may allude to the old practice of dipping handkerchiefs in the blood of martyrs and then preserving these as relics.

cognizance: that by which anything is known.

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

CÆS. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUB. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆS. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?

BRU. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

CÆS. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

97. *Apt to be render'd*: likely to be made in answer.

103. *To your proceeding*: affectionate interest in your political career.

104. *reason to my love is liable*: reason is subject to my love. "My love leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my reason would restrain." Rolfe.

114. *strucken eight*: Is it easy to trace the time of important happenings in the play?

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANT. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆS. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day.
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREB. Cæsar, I will; [*aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CÆS. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRU. [*Aside*]. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

ART. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

121. *hour's.* How should the word be pronounced?

128. *That every like,* etc. It saddens Brutus that he cannot exchange the name of friend with Cæsar as he did before he plotted to kill him.

129. *yearns*: grieves. Does this show remorse?

6–7. *security gives way.* Do you recall incidents in history or literature which illustrate this truth? How is this idea used in Shakespeare's "Macbeth"?

8. *lover*: friend. Find other passages which use the word in this sense.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If you read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

POR. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
LUC. To know my errand, madam.
POR. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
LUC. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
LUC. I hear none, madam.

12. *Out of the teeth of emulation*: safe from the attacks of envy.
14. *contrive*: plot.
1. *prithee*: a form of "pray thee."
6. *constancy*: firmness.
9. *to keep counsel*: to keep a secret.
14. *went sickly forth*: was sick when he departed.

POR. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
LUC. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

POR. Come hither, fellow; which way hast thou been?
SOOTH. At mine own house, good lady.
POR. What is't o'clock?
SOOTH. About the ninth hour, lady.
POR. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
SOOTH. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
POR. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
SOOTH. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
POR. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
SOOTH. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
POR. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

18. *rumour*: murmur, noise, confused sounds.
20. *Sooth*: in truth. What is a soothsayer?
Enter the Soothsayer. Have we seen this man before? Might he be Artemidorus? Is it better to have one or two persons warn Cæsar?
31. *harm's intended*: harm that is intended.
37. *place more void*: a place more open than the narrow street here

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
[*To herself.*] Sure, the boy heard me: [*To* LUCIUS.] Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

CÆS. [*To the Soothsayer.*] The ides of March are come.
SOOTH. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
ART. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
ART. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
CÆS. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
ART. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
CÆS. What, is the fellow mad?
PUB. Sirrah, give place. 10

42. *Brutus hath a suit.* Why does Portia speak these words to Lucius?

Flourish: notes on a trumpet sounded as a prelude before the entrance of nobles. An English stage tradition.

3. *schedule*: a written paper. 4. *o'er-read*: read carefully.

8. *us ourself*. Why does Shakespeare have Cæsar use the language of royalty?

10. *Sirrah*: a contemptuous word.

CAS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæsar goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.*

POP. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CAS. What enterprise, Popilius?

POP. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*

BRU. What said Popilius Lena?

CAS. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRU. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

CAS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRU. Cassius, be constant;
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

CAS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

DEC. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

BRU. He is address'd: press near and second him.

CIN. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CÆS. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

MET. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

18. *makes to*: presses toward.
21. *Cassius or Cæsar*, etc. If the plot be discovered, either he or Cæsar shall not live, for he will kill himself if the plot fails.
22. *constant*: persevering, firm.
28. *presently*: immediately, at once. 29. *address'd*: ready.
33. *puissant*: mighty. How many syllables should the word be given on this line?

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart, — [*Kneeling.*

CÆS. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly curtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRU. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆS. What, Brutus!

CAS. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon!
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

36. *couchings*: bending low in reverence.

38. *pre-ordinance and first decree*: what has been decreed from the first. Do you admire Cæsar in this speech?

39. *law of children*: the impulsive, uncertain government by children.

fond: foolish.

41, 42. *That will be thaw'd*, etc. As will be softened by the begging which appeals to fools.

43. *Low-crooked*: knee bent low.

51. *repealing*: recalling from exile to Rome.

57. *enfranchisement*: rights of citizenship.

CÆS. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star.
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CIN. O Cæsar, —

CÆS. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DEC. Great Cæsar, —

CÆS. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca and the other Conspirators stab Cæsar.*

CÆS. *Et tu, Brute!* Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

60. *constant*: firm.
61. *resting*: steadfast.
62. *no fellow*: no equal; no other like it.
67. *apprehensive*: possessed of understanding and intelligence.
69. *holds on his rank*, etc.: "continues to 'hold his place' (like the star), resisting every attempt to move him." Rolfe.
74. *Olympus*: a mountain in Greece, the home of the gods. Cæsar tells the conspirators not to attempt the impossible.
75. *bootless*: without reward.
77. *Et tu, Brute*: And thou, Brutus? Apparently there is no historical basis for these words. They are not used by Plutarch.

CAS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
BRU. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.
CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
DEC. And Cassius too.
BRU. Where's Publius?
CIN. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
MET. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance —
BRU. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.
CAS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
BRU. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CAS. Where is Antony?
TREB. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
BRU. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

80. *common pulpits*: the raised platforms in the Forum, from which public speeches were delivered.
89. *good cheer*: be cheerful.
94. *abide*: suffer for; answer for it.
98. *As it were doomsday*: As if it were the Day of Judgment.
Fates: the Parcæ. Guerber, *Myths of Greece and Rome*, gives the story of the Fates, showing their influence upon the length of man's life.
99. *'tis but the time*, etc. The question of interest is how to prolong life.

CAS. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!" 110
CAS. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
BRU. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
CAS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
DEC. What, shall we forth?
CAS. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels 120
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRU. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

106. *bathe our hands.* Recall Calpurnia's dream. It was an ancient custom to bathe the hands in sacrificial blood. Was Brutus moved by a religious spirit?

111. *ages hence.* This prophecy is "good theater." What do you know of the popularity of this play as a dramatic subject?

115. *Pompey's basis lies along*: lies prone at the base of Pompey's statue.

117. *knot*: group.

121. *most boldest.* Double superlatives and comparatives were common in Elizabethan English. Discover others in the play.

122. *Soft*: stop.

SERV. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel,
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

SERV. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

BRU. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CAS. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRU. But here comes Antony.

130. *vouchsafe*: permit, allow.
131. *resolv'd*: satisfied.
136. *Thorough*: through.
untrod state: new state of affairs created by the assassination.
140. *so please him come*. Put the expression in your own words. Did you use more than four?
143. *well to friend*: for a friend.
145, 146. *my misgiving still*, etc. My shrewd suspicions hit the mark; I divine the outcome of events.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANT. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRU. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;

152. *must be let blood*: put to death. The reference is to the old custom of bleeding people for all ailments. Why were doctors called "leeches"?

rank: excessive growth; too full of blood.

157. *bear me hard*: hold ill-will against me.

158. *reek*: steam with Cæsar's warm blood.

159. *Live a thousand years*: If I were to live, etc.

160. *apt*: ready.

161. *mean*: means; no method.

162. *by Cæsar*. If death must come, this is a fitting place. Is Antony sincere?

169. *pitiful*: full of pity and sympathy.

And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CAS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRU. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANT. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,

171. *As fire drives out fire.* A reference to the old custom of easing a burned place by holding it near a fire. Is *fire* pronounced the same both times?

173. *leaden*: blunt, dull.

174. *strength of malice*: intensity of hatred for the tyranny of Cæsar.

181. *deliver*: relate, tell.

184. *render*: give me in return for mine.

192. *conceit*: judge, think. Never used by Shakespeare in the modern sense.

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CAS. Mark Antony —

ANT. Pardon me, Caius Cassius!
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CAS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANT. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

196. *dearer*: more deeply, more intensely. 202. *close*: agree.
204. *bay'd*: hemmed in by enemies. Study the comparison to hunting.
206. *Sign'd in thy spoil*: covered with blood.
thy lethe: death. Report to the class some of the characteristics of the river Lethe. Any good book on mythology will furnish this information, Gayley or Guerber or Sabin.
208. *heart of thee*. Do you like the pun on this word? Coleridge thought that Shakespeare did not write these two lines.
213. *cold modesty*: moderation.
216. *prick'd*: chosen; marked off the list with a pin.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

BRU. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

ANT. That's all I seek;
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRU. You shall, Mark Antony.

CAS. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to* BRU.] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

BRU. By your pardon.
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CAS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRU. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

224. *regard*: consideration.
228. *Produce*: bring out, bear forth. Compare the Latin *produco*.
market place: the Forum. 230. *order*: formal ceremony.
235. *By your pardon*: with your permission, I will explain.
242. *advantage*: help, aid. *wrong*: harm. 243. *fall*: happen.

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

ANT. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

BRU. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

ANT. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

257. *the tide of times*: in the course, the ebb and flow, of time.
258. *costly*: precious, priceless.
262. *the limbs of men.* Bodies, sons, lives, minds, loins, times, are all words suggested for *limbs* by editors. Which one seems best?
264. *cumber*: lie heavy on; distract.
265. *so in use*: so common, ordinary.
268. *quarter'd*: cut in pieces; destroyed.
269. *All pity*, etc. Destruction will become so the custom that pity will be killed.

With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter OCTAVIUS' Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERV. I do, Mark Antony.

ANT. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERV. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*

ANT. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERV. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANT. Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse

271. *Ate*: Goddess of discord and reckless crime.
272. *confines*: regions.
273. "*Havoc*": no quarter; no mercy.
dogs of war. Might these be *fire*, *sword*, and *famine*?
274. *That*: so that.
275. *carrion men*: dead men with bodies decaying and unburied.
283. *Passion*: deep emotion.
294. *issue*: deed, action.

To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

BRU. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

FIRST CIT. I will hear Brutus speak.

SEC. CIT. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

THIRD CIT. The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

BRU. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against

297. *Lend me your hand.* With no front curtains for the stage, the actors had to carry off Cæsar's body.

4. *part the numbers*: divide the crowd.

7. *public reasons shall be rendered*: reasons shall be given to the public.

10. *severally*: separately.

13. *lovers*: friends.

16. *censure*: condemn without prejudging.

Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRU. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

26. *ambitious.* Personal and selfish ambition is meant here.

29. *bondman*: slave.

37, 38. *question of his death*, etc. Reasons for his death are officially recorded.

38. *not extenuated*: not lessened or undervalued.

40. *enforc'd*: magnified, enlarged.

43. *commonwealth*: the republic to be established.

ALL. Live, Brutus! live, live!
FIRST CIT. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
SEC. CIT. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
THIRD CIT. Let him be Cæsar.
FOURTH CIT. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
FIRST CIT. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.
BRU. My countrymen, —
SEC. CIT. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
FIRST CIT. Peace, ho!
BRU. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
FIRST CIT. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
THIRD CIT. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
ANT. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
FOURTH CIT. What does he say of Brutus?
THIRD CIT. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
FOURTH CIT. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
FIRST CIT. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
THIRD CIT. Nay, that's certain;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

51. *parts*: qualities. 53. *clamours*: cheers.
57. *grace*: respect, honor.
58. *Tending to*: looking toward; indicating.
65. *I am beholding*: under obligation.

SEC. CIT. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
ANT. You gentle Romans, —
CITIZENS. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
ANT. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

74. *to bury Cæsar.* Bodies were burned in Rome, but Shakespeare is writing for an English audience.
76. *interred*: buried. How should *interred* be read in this line?
89. *general coffers*: the treasury of the people.
91. *cried*: asked for help.
95. *Lupercal*: feast of the Lupercal.

And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CIT. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SEC. CIT. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

THIRD CIT. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CIT. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CIT. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SEC. CIT. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CIT. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CIT. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANT. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

103. *withholds you then to mourn*: prevents you from grief.
114. *dear abide it*: pay dearly for it.
120. *so poor*, etc. No one so humble as to show dead Cæsar respect.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CIT. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANT. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

FOURTH CIT. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

ANT. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CIT. They were traitors: honourable men!

ALL. The will! the testament!

SEC. CIT. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.

ANT. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

129. *closet*: study. 130. *commons*: common citizens.
133. *napkins*: handkerchiefs. 137. *issue*: descendants.
141. *meet*: proper, suitable.
150. *o'ershot myself*: gone too far; said too much.

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
ALL. Come down.
SEC. CIT. Descend.
THIRD CIT. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down.*
FOURTH CIT. A ring; stand round.
FIRST CIT. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
SEC. CIT. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
ANT. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
SEVERAL CIT. Stand back; room; bear back!
ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;

165. *hearse*: coffin. 167. *far*: farther.
173. *Nervii*: a warlike tribe of Belgians. Have you read of Cæsar's victory over them in the second book of Cæsar's *Commentaries*?
175. *envious*: malicious. 179. *resolv'd*: informed.
181. *angel*: loved and trusted friend.
183. *most unkindest cut*. Another interesting double superlative.

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here:
[*Lifting Cæsar's mantle.*
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CIT. O piteous spectacle!

SEC. CIT. O noble Cæsar!

THIRD CIT. O woful day!

FOURTH CIT. O traitors, villains!

FIRST CIT. O most bloody sight!

SEC. CIT. We will be reveng'd.

ALL. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANT. Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CIT. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

SEC. CIT. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANT. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;

194. *dint*: force, influence.
212. *private griefs*: personal grievances.

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We'll mutiny.

FIRST CIT. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CIT. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANT. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

ALL. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANT. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANT. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SEC. CIT. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD CIT. O royal Cæsar!

ANT. Hear me with patience.

220. *wit*: wisdom, intelligence. *words*: eloquence.

242. *every several*: each individual.

drachmas: a Greek coin worth about twenty cents. Is it likely that the citizens ever received this?

ALL. Peace, ho!

ANT. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

FIRST CIT. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

SEC. CIT. Go fetch fire.

THIRD CIT. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CIT. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

ANT. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

SERV. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANT. Where is he?

SERV. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANT. And thither will I straight to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

SERV. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

249. *On this side Tiber.* Cæsar's gardens lay *beyond* the Tiber. Shakespeare copied the error from North.

259. *forms*: benches.

266. *He comes upon a wish*: he comes in happy time. *Fortune is merry*: fortune favors us.

269. *Are rid*: have ridden.

ANT. Belike they had some notice of the people, 270
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter CINNA *the poet.*

CIN. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

FIRST CIT. What is your name?
SEC. CIT. Whither are you going?
THIRD CIT. Where do you dwell?
FOURTH CIT. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
SEC. CIT. Answer every man directly.
FIRST CIT. Ay, and briefly. 10
FOURTH CIT. Ay, and wisely.
THIRD CIT. Ay, and truly, you were best.
CIN. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
SEC. CIT. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
CIN. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20
FIRST CIT. As a friend or an enemy?

270. *Belike*: probably. 271. *Bring*: escort, conduct.
2. *charge my fantasy*: trouble my imagination; I fancy ill luck comes.
3. *forth of doors*: out of doors. 9. *directly*: to the point; clearly.
12. *you were best*: it were best for you.
18. *bear me a bang*: get a whack or blow from me.

CIN. As a friend.
SEC. CIT. That matter is answered directly.
FOURTH CIT. For your dwelling — briefly.
CIN. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
THIRD CIT. Your name, sir, truly.
CIN. Truly, my name is Cinna.
FIRST CIT. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
CIN. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
FOURTH CIT. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
CIN. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
FOURTH CIT. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
THIRD CIT. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

ANT. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd
OCT. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
LEP. I do consent —
OCT. Prick him down, Antony.
LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
ANT. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

27. *Cinna*: Helvius Cinna. Cornelius was the conspirator.
34. *turn him going*: send him packing; turn him loose.
A house in Rome: The actual meeting-place was on a small island in the river Rhenus. Why does Shakespeare place it in Rome?
1. *prick'd*: marked off the list by a pin prick.
6. *damn*: doom, condemn.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEP. What, shall I find you here?

OCT. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

ANT. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCT. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCT. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that

9. *charge*: expense, cost. Should Antony use any part of Cæsar's money for war expenses?
12. *slight*: of no regard. *unmeritable*: undeserving.
14. *threefold world*: Asia, Africa, Europe.
16. *took his voice*: accepted his vote in counsel.
17. *proscription*: dooming citizens to death as public enemies.
20. *divers slanderous loads*: many unpleasant charges.
22. *business*. How pronounce the word?
27. *commons*. A tract of land in English villages was set aside for common use; all residents pastured their flocks there.
28. *soldier*. A three-syllabled word in this line.

I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

OCT. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;

30. *appoint . . . provender*: supply him with food.
32. *wind*: turn about; wheel.
33. *corporal motion*: physical or bodily movements.
34. *in some taste*: in some measure; in a sense.
36. *barren-spirited*: without character or spirit.
37. *abjects*: useless, rejected things. *orts*: scraps.
38. *stal'd*: made common.
39. *Begin his fashion*: with him they are the beginning of a new fashion.
40. *property*: tool, chattel. We can use him as we choose.
41. *Listen great things*. The verb used to be active; now it is passive. The omission of prepositions was common.
42. *levying powers*: raising forces or troops.
straight make head: form or raise an army.
44. *our means stretch'd*: we must exert our powers to the limit.
46. *covert*: hidden, secret.
47. *answered*: faced, met. Read the line aloud for the rhythm.
48. *stake*. A comparison from the sport of bear-baiting.

And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before* BRUTUS' *tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

BRU. Stand, ho!
LUCIL. Give the word, ho! and stand.
BRU. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
LUCIL. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
BRU. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
PIN. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
BRU. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.
LUCIL. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
BRU. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,

51. *Millions of mischiefs*: unlimited mischief or evil.
Sardis: the capital of Lydia, in Asia Minor.
6. *He greets me well*: his greeting does honour to me; his greeting finds me well. Which is best?
7. *In his own change*: by change of his attitude towards me.
ill officers: misconduct of his officers.
14. *resolved*: told, informed.
16. *familiar instances*: proofs of friendship or familiarity; tokens.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCIL. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

BRU. Hark! he is arriv'd.
[*Low march within.*
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and his powers.*

CAS. Stand, ho!

BRU. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

FIRST SOL. Stand!

SEC. SOL. Stand!

THIRD SOL. Stand!

CAS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRU. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CAS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs
And when you do them —

BRU. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,

21. *enforced ceremony*: artificial politeness.
23. *hot at hand*: spirited when held in.
26. *fall their crests*: their heads droop; they are *crestfallen*.
jades: valueless horses.
40. *sober form*: calm appearance.
41. *be content*: calm and restrain yourself.

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CAS. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRU. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. BRUTUS' *tent.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRU. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

46. *enlarge your griefs*: describe your troubles at length.
48. *charges*: troops under their *command*.
2. *noted*: branded with disgrace. 4. *praying*: pleading.
5. *slighted off*: ignored, put aside.
8. *nice*: petty, trivial. The changing meaning of this word is of keen interest to the student of language. In "The Meanings of Words," *English Journal*, October, 1927, Professor Charles C. Fries traces the interesting history of this word.
10. *condemn'd to have an itching palm*: accused of being greedy for money.
11. *mart*: trade.

CAS. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
BRU. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
CAS. Chastisement!
BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
CAS. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
BRU. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
CAS. I am.
BRU. I say you are not.
CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

16. *chastisement*: punishment.
20. *What villain*, etc. Was any man who stabbed Cæsar such a villain as to stab for any reason except justice?
28. *bait*: provoke.
30. *hedge*: restrain, hamper.
32. *make conditions*: to control all offices under my disposal and management. *Go to*: an expression showing impatience.
36. *Have mind upon your health*: watch your safety.

BRU. Away, slight man!
CAS. Is't possible?
BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
CAS. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
BRU. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
CAS. Is it come to this?
BRU. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
CAS. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better"?
BRU. If you did, I care not.
CAS. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
BRU. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
CAS. I durst not!
BRU. No.
CAS. What, durst not tempt him!
BRU. For your life you durst not.

39. *choler*: anger, temper.
45. *observe*: pay attention to; show reverence.
46. *testy*: irritable, quarrelsome.
47. *venom of your spleen*: poison of your rage.
50. *waspish*: irritable, petulant. 52. *vaunting*: boasting.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means. —
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
CAS. I denied you not.
BRU. You did.
CAS. I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.
CAS. You love me not.
BRU. I do not like your faults.
CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

69. *respect not*: regard not, heed not.
75. *indirection*: irregular means; "indirect crooked ways."
80. *rascal counters*: worthless money; miserable pieces of metal. *Counters* were round disks of metal used in trade.
85. *riv'd*: split, cleaved.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
BRU. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

94. *alone on Cassius*: on Cassius alone. How should *Cassius* be pronounced in this line?
97. *Check'd*: rebuked, blamed.
98. *conn'd by rote*: learned by heart.
102. *Plutus'*. The Greek god of wealth, blinded by Zeus so that his gifts would be scattered equally.
108. *scope*: space to spend itself.
109. *dishonour shall be humour*: misconduct or indignity shall be regarded as whim, caprice.
110. *lamb*. Who does Brutus mean? Would the substitution of *man* for *lamb* improve the passage?
112. *enforced*: struck hard; deeply angered.
113. *straight*: at once.

CAS. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
BRU. And my heart too.
CAS. O Brutus!
BRU. What's the matter?
CAS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
POET. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
LUCIL. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
POET. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

CAS. How now! what's the matter?
POET. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
CAS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
BRU. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
CAS. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
BRU. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?

120. *rash humour*: quick, fiery temper.
133. *cynic*. Cynics were Greek philosophers; they were marked by brusque, rude manners.
134. *sirrah*: mean fellow. Used to address an inferior.
137. *jigging*: rhyming. In Elizabethan English *jig* meant a metrical composition as well as a dance.

Companion, hence!

CAS. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

BRU. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

CAS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

BRU. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*

CAS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRU. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CAS. Ha! Portia!

BRU. She is dead.

CAS. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

BRU. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death
That tidings came, — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CAS. And died so?

BRU. Even so.

CAS. O ye immortal gods!

138. *Companion.* A contemptuous term again, as in *fellow* and *sirrah.*

146. *If you . . . evils*: if you submit to unavoidable misfortunes.

150. *scap'd*: escaped.

152. *Upon*: from.

155. *fell distract*: became crazed.

156. *swallow'd fire.* "Took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself." Plutarch.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

BRU. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
CAS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

BRU. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*
Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
CAS. Portia, art thou gone?
BRU. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
MES. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
BRU. With what addition?
MES. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
BRU. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
CAS. Cicero one!

165. *call in question*: discuss; submit to rigid examination.
170. *Bending their expedition*: directing their march.
Philippi: a city of Macedonia in Northern Greece.
171. *self-same tenour*: same course or drift.
173. *by proscription and bills of outlawry.* "These three, Octavius Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus . . . did set up Bills of Proscription and Outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death; and amongst that number, Cicero was one." Plutarch.

MES. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
BRU. No, Messala.
MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
BRU. Nothing, Messala.
MES. That, methinks, is strange.
BRU. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
MES. No, my lord.
BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
MES. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
BRU. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
MES. Even so great men great losses should endure.
CAS. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
BRU. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
CAS. I do not think it good.
BRU. Your reason?
CAS. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us.
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
BRU. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

183. *Nor nothing.* Does this double negative make the question more effective?
184. *methinks*: it seems to me.
191. *once*: some time.
194. *art*: theory and philosophy. How do Cassius's words reveal a difference between him and Brutus?
196. *alive*: work with the living rather than grieve for the dead.
201. *offence*: injury, wrong. 203. *of force*: of necessity.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CAS. Hear me, good brother.

BRU. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends;
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CAS. Then, with your will, go on.
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRU. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.

206. *contribution*: gifts to maintain the army.
207. *by them*: through their country.
220. *Omitted*: neglected; not used.
221. *bound in shallows*: surrounded by sandbanks.
224. *ventures*: what was risked or ventured. The word is frequently used by Shakespeare to mean merchandise risked on shipboard.
with your will: as you please.
228. *niggard*: to save; to husband. An adjective used as a verb.

There is no more to say?

CAS. No more. Good-night.
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRU. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*]
Farewell, good Messala:
Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.

CAS. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

BRU. Everything is well.

CAS. Good-night, my lord.

BRU. Good-night, good brother.

TIT. MES. Good-night, Lord Brutus.

BRU. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus and Lucius.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUC. Here in the tent.

BRU. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUC. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

VAR. Calls my lord?

BRU. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by

241. *knave*: boy. Used in a kindly tone. *o'erwatch'd*: exhausted with watching.

On business to my brother Cassius.

VAR. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

BRU. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

[*Varro and Claudius lie down.*

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

LUC. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUC. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

BRU. It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUC. It is my duty, sir.

BRU. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUC. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRU. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good-night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

251. *otherwise bethink me*: change my mind; decide otherwise.
255. *Bear with me*: be kind to me; forgive me.
268. *mace*: a club or scepter carried by an officer of the law.
273. *leaf turn'd down*. Did Roman books have leaves? What did Shakespeare have in mind?

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why com'st thou?

GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

LUC. My lord?

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [*To Var.*]
Fellow thou, awake!

VAR. My lord?

CLAU. My lord?

275. *How ill this taper burns.* Superstition ascribed the ill burning of a taper to the visitation of ghosts.

277. *monstrous apparition.* Plutarch tells us that it was not Cæsar's ghost but a "wonderful strange and monstrous shape of body" that appeared to Brutus.

280. *stare*: bristle; stand on end.

291. *false*: out of tune.

BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
VAR. CLAU. Did we, my lord?
BRU. Ay. Saw you anything?
VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
CLAU. Nor I, my lord.
BRU. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
VAR. CLAU. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

OCT. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
ANT. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

306. *commend me*: give my greeting.
307. *set on his powers betimes*: set his troops in motion at once.
Plains of Philippi: in Macedonia. Named for Philip II.
1. *our hopes are answered*: our wishes are granted.
4. *battles*: troops, battalions.
5. *warn*: summon, challenge to war.
7. *I am in their bosoms*: I know their secrets, their inner thoughts.
8. *could be content*: would be glad.
10. *fearful bravery*: real fear masked by "gallant show."
face: appearance, display.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
ANT. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
OCT. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
ANT. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
OCT. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

BRU. They stand, and would have parley.
CAS. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
OCT. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
ANT. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
OCT. Stir not until the signal.
BRU. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
OCT. Not that we love words better, as you do.
BRU. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
ANT. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
CAS. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

14. *bloody sign of battle*: a scarlet coat used as a sign of battle.
15. *something to be done*: something should be done.
19. *exigent*: time of urgent need; critical moment.
20. *I will do so.* A much disputed line. Does Octavius lead the right or the left?
24. *answer on their charge*: they attack and we meet them.
25. *Make forth*: advance; move forward.
33. *posture*: direction, nature, force.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANT. Not stingless too.

BRU. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANT. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar.
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CAS. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

OCT. Come, come, the cause! If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look!
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRU. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCT. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

34. *Hybla*: a Sicilian town famous for honey.

46. *This tongue*: Antony's tongue. Cassius counseled killing Antony as well as Cæsar.

48. *the cause*: the real question.

49. *The proof of it*: the actual fighting.

53. *three and thirty wounds*. The number given by Plutarch is *twenty*-three. Which sounds the better?

54. *another Cæsar*: Octavius. The spirit of Cæsar still dominates the play.

BRU. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
CAS. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
ANT. Old Cassius still!
OCT. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
CAS. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
BRU. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
LUCIL. [*Standing forth.*] My Lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
CAS. Messala!
MES. [*Standing forth.*] What says my general?
CAS. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong —
And his opinion; now I change my mind,

59. *strain*: race, ancestry.

61. *peevish schoolboy*: headstrong and self-willed Octavius, who was only twenty-one.

62. *a masker and a reveller.* Is this fair to Antony?

66. *stomachs*: inclination, appetites. 68. *hazard*: shift of fortune.

75. *As Pompey was.* Forced by the insistent demands of his followers, Pompey fought Cæsar at Pharsalia and was defeated.

77. *held Epicurus strong*: fully believed the philosophy of Epicurus, that happiness is the best thing in life. This Greek thinker believed that the gods had no interest in human affairs, and so held no belief in signs and omens.

And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MES. Believe not so.

CAS. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRU. Even so, Lucilius.

CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, — I know not how,

79. *presage*: predict, foretell future events.
80 *former ensign*: foremost banner.
83. *consorted*: accompanied, attended.
85. *ravens, crows, and kites*: birds of ill omen.
92. *constantly*: bravely; with resolution.
93. *Even so*: quite true. Brutus ends his talk with Lucilius, and turns to Cassius.
95. *Lovers*: friends.
97. *reason with the worst*: think what evils may overtake us.

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CAS. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRU. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not,
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

CAS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRU. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

BRU. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*

105. *fall*: happen.
prevent: anticipate. Discuss Brutus's attitude towards suicide in his last three speeches in this scene.
107. *stay*: expect, await.
Alarum: a call to battle; notes on a bugle.
1. *bills*: dispatches containing orders to officers.
2. *other side*: the wing led by Cassius.

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

CAS. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
TIT. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

PIN. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
CAS. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
TIT. They are, my lord.
CAS. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
TIT. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

4. *cold demeanour*: no enthusiasm; no fighting spirit.
5. *sudden push*: quick assault.
2. *to mine own*: to my own standard-bearer.
7. *Took it too eagerly*: followed up the advantage too eagerly.
fell to spoil: commenced to plunder.
19. *with a thought*: quick as thought.

CAS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
PIN. [*Above.*] O my lord!
CAS. What news?
PIN. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
CAS. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

21. *thick*: dim, poor.
25. *is run his compass*: has run its course or revolution.
31. *some light*: some dismount, alight.
38. *swore thee*: made thee vow. *saving of thy life*: when I saved your life.
41. *be*: become. 42. *search*: stab, probe.

Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar,
thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

PIN. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

MES. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TIT. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MES. Where did you leave him?

TIT. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MES. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TIT. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MES. Is not that he?

TIT. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MES. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

51. *but change*: an interchange of victory and defeat; what one group lost, the other gained.

65. *Mistrust of my success*: doubt and uncertainty as to the outcome.

68. *apt*: easily impressed, receptive.

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TIT. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

MES. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, "thrusting" it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TIT. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods! — this is a Roman's part.
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MES. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRU. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRU. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

70. *happy*: fortunate. 88. *regarded*: honored, reverenced.
94. *O Julius Cæsar*, etc. "Brutus here strikes the proper keynote of the play." Hudson.

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

CATO. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS *and others.*

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

96. *our own proper*: our own. One word stresses the other.

101. *fellow*: equal.

104. *Thasos*: an island in the Ægean Sea. Tradition says Cassius was buried there.

105. *funerals*: funeral. Shakespeare used both forms as singular. Compare our use of *nuptials*.

108. *set our battles on*: place our forces in battle array.

109. *ere night*. The second battle took place about twenty days later. What dramatic purpose is served by combining the two?

2. *What bastard doth not?* "Who is so false to his Roman blood as not to continue fighting?"

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, *and fight.*

BRU. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit.*

LUCIL. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

FIRST SOL. Yield, or thou diest.

LUCIL. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

FIRST SOL. We must not. A noble prisoner!

SEC. SOL. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

FIRST SOL. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANT. Where is he?

LUCIL. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANT. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have

12. *Only I yield to die*: I yield only to be killed.
13. *There is so much . . . straight.* Lucilius, pretending to be Brutus, offers money to be killed.

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
CLI. Statilius show'd the torchlight, but, my lord,
He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.
BRU. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*
CLI. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
BRU. Peace then! no words.
CLI. I'll rather kill myself.
BRU. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*
DAR. Shall I do such a deed?
CLI. O Dardanius!
DAR. O Clitus!
CLI. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
DAR. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
CLI. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
BRU. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
VOL. What says my lord?
BRU. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

32. *is chanced*: has happened; has befallen.

2. *Statilius show'd the torchlight.* He was probably a spy to the enemy. The torch was the signal.

13. *vessel*: person. Where else have you found this use of *vessel*?

14. *That it runs over*: so that it runs over. A poetical description for what?

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

VOL. Not so, my lord.

BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOL. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

CLI. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

BRU. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"

CLI. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRU. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

18. *several*: separate.
45. *good respect*: excellent report; worthy reputation.

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRA. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRU. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the* Army.

OCT. What man is that?

MES. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

STRA. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him,
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUCIL. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

OCT. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCT. Do so, good Messala.

MES. How died my master, Strato?

STRA. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MES. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

ANT. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

46. *smatch*: taste, smack.

50. *Cæsar, now be still.* Spoken to the ghost of Cæsar. Should the ghost be more at peace because of Brutus's death?

55. *make a fire of him.* The Roman custom of cremation is suggested.

60. *entertain them*: receive them into my service.

61. *bestow thy time with me*: enter my employment.

62. *prefer*: recommend.

All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

OCT. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

73. *gentle*: noble.
elements: earth, air, fire, and water. That the body was composed of these four elements was the old belief. A well-proportioned mixture made the ideal man.
79. *ordered honourably*: laid out with honor and reverence.
80. *call the field to rest*: order the embattled troops to cease fighting.
81. *part*: divide, share.

QUESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF THE PLAY ACT BY ACT

Act I, Scene I

The first scene serves as a prologue. Two groups of people are presented in opposition. The aristocratic group, represented by Flavius and Marullus, does not favor Cæsar, but he is warmly popular with the Commoners. The latter are unnamed; — a multitude, representing the physical strength of Rome as opposed to the conservative aristocracy of the old Roman patriots.

1. Shakespeare frequently foreshadows the theme or tone of a play in the first scene. Report to the class how this is done in one of the following plays: *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*.

2. Shakespeare gives the commoners what characteristics? The aristocrats? Which group does he favor?

3. Why do the tribunes speak in verse and the citizens in prose?

4. Discover passages which prepare for later scenes. To what are we looking forward?

Act I, Scene II

All the leading characters are presented to us in this long scene. We find Cæsar superstitious, autocratic, boastful, vain, and pompous.

Brutus and Cassius interest us because they hint of opposition against Cæsar. They reveal, moreover, widely different characters.

Shakespeare was not a historian; he was a creative artist using history as he chose. His problem was this: If Cæsar was an heroic figure then his assassin Brutus is impossible. But was Brutus a fine character undertaking a task for which he was morally unfit? In meeting this problem Shakespeare interprets historical characters freely to suit his dramatic purpose. In this scene the keynote of the important characters is given.

1. Compare and contrast with discrimination the characters of Cæsar, Brutus, and Cassius from what they themselves say and do and from what others say of them. Which would make the best companion? What is your personal feeling toward Cassius? Find passages that show Cæsar in an unfavorable light; that suggest his greatness? What word is given as the keynote of Brutus's character?

2. What may we infer of Antony's character?

3. What effect have the soothsayer's words upon Cæsar? What is the dramatic purpose of his warning?

4. Is Casca as blunt as he seems when he talks with Brutus and Cassius? Why are his speeches in prose while those of the others are in verse?

5. From within the text itself, discover how much stage action Shakespeare suggests to his actors.

Act I, Scene III

The Elizabethans held that abnormal conditions such as raging storms were followed by great and unnatural crimes. This fearful storm emphasizes the magnitude of the crime.

It is the evening before March 15. A month has passed since the events of the second scene. The budding conspiracy has had time to develop. In this scene Cassius is winning Casca to his side; together they plan traps to bring Brutus to their cause. The scheming of Cassius here is only typical of what he has been doing with other influential and desirable citizens. We begin to feel sure that his subtle plotting will win the honorable Brutus to his side.

1. What change do you find in Casca's manner? Explain. Why does he speak now in verse?

2. Who first refers to Cæsar as king?

3. Is the description of the mob by Cassius a just one? Do later scenes justify it?

4. To whom and how does Cassius first mention the conspiracy?

5. How are we made to feel the importance of Brutus to the success of the conspiracy?

6. What has Shakespeare accomplished in Act I? To what things are you looking forward with curiosity?

Act II, Scene I

An hour or more has elapsed since the close of Act I. The storm gives a fitting background for the soul struggle of Brutus.

In this act the plans of the conspirators are completed and the character of Brutus is developed in such detail that we see why he is able to persuade himself that he ought to join the conspiracy against Cæsar. He is honorable and patriotic in his political life; his conference with Portia reveals his manly and noble qualities; he is gentle in bearing toward his servant Lucius. The first difference of opinion arises between Brutus and Cassius; this foreshadows later dissensions. In this scene we know the doom reserved for Cæsar.

1. Follow Brutus's argument, lines 10–34. Are his arguments sound? How has he changed since Act I?
2. Why does Shakespeare have Brutus mention the ides of March?
3. Show that Cassius's letter is excellent for the purpose of influencing Brutus. What do you think of men who act upon anonymous communications?
4. About what are Brutus and Cassius whispering?
5. Why does Brutus oppose the suggestion of Cassius concerning the killing of Antony?
6. Does Portia suspect the existence of the conspiracy? What are her fine qualities? Would the play have gained or lost had Shakespeare given more emphasis to women? Give reasons.
7. Has Brutus thus far been active in bringing any one into the plot? Give passages from the play which show this.

Act II, Scene II

The opening words between Cæsar and Calpurnia echo the unnatural portents and omens which have been already emphasized in the two preceding scenes. The last scene belonged to Brutus; this is Cæsar's. He is vain, weak, and greedy for flattery, but there are traces, too, of the great and mighty Cæsar.

1. List all passages which develop Cæsar's character. How is he led into the net prepared for him by the conspirators?

2. Compare Calpurnia with Portia. What dramatic reason is there for making one less admirable than the other?

3. Did Shakespeare wish the audience to sympathize with Brutus or with Cæsar? Give reasons.

4. Why is Cassius not in this scene?

5. Discuss the value of the "asides" at the end of this scene.

Act II, Scene III

1. What is the dramatic purpose of this incident? Why is it frequently omitted in modern presentations of the play?

2. Artemidorus is listed as "teacher of rhetoric" in the cast of characters. Consider how he may have gained this news.

Act II, Scene IV

Portia's tense, emotional excitement has its effect on the audience, and we are nervous concerning the outcome of the plot. There is danger that in her overwrought, distracted condition she may reveal the secret Brutus shared with her. Not the strong Portia of the earlier scene, she is here the unselfish wife concerned for her husband.

1. How does Portia show that she knows of the plot? When could Brutus have told her? What change do you find in her? Explain.

2. Discuss the effective contrast between her condition and that of Lucius in this scene.

3. What is the dramatic purpose of the soothsayer here? Why is he made a "feeble" person?

4. What has been accomplished in Act II?

Act III, Scene I

The plot is consummated in this scene. Cæsar comes to the Capitol, unsuspecting, but the audience is tense over the impending tragedy. Suspense is in the atmosphere. Dramatic irony lies in many of the speeches, because not all the persons on the stage are equally informed. This central scene gives us significant matter: Cæsar is murdered; Antony suddenly develops real leadership; Brutus begins the series of fatal errors in reasoning which bring failure to the cause. Henceforth it

is the same old conflict between the spirit of Cæsar — or new ideas — and the conservative power, as typified in Brutus.

1. What is the value of the "*ides of March*" in the mouth of Cæsar? Is it likely that Cæsar would recognize this nameless soothsayer from the crowd? What is the dramatic function of Artemidorus here?

2. Contrast Brutus and Cassius in their moments of suspense before the killing of Cæsar. Where does Cassius show himself abler than Brutus in judgment and foresight?

3. Do you sympathize with Cæsar or with the conspirators? Why?

4. Why do the conspirators take Antony aside?

5. What part did Antony have in his servant's speech, lines 123–37?

6. Do the conspirators show fear or weakness of purpose at any time? Had they planned beforehand what to do after the death of Cæsar?

7. "Brutus lives in the abstraction, in the idea; Cassius lives in the concrete, in the fact." Discuss this statement.

8. Is our chief interest so far in men or in events?

9. What is the dramatic purpose in leaving Antony alone with Cæsar's body?

10. What is the most important moment in this scene?

Act III, Scene II

Now, only a few hours after Cæsar's death, we have the famous scene in the Forum. So far the conspirators have been successful. Antony's speech turns Rome against them. The mob typifies the spirit of Rome.

Brutus's speech is blunt and honest. He assumes that others are as honorable and reasonable as he is. The speech of Antony is consummate art; he knows that men are won through emotional appeal and not by reason. These speeches are among the most famous in all literature.

1. Show that Brutus's words to the citizens are a perfect key to his character. Follow his reasoning. To what does he appeal in the people? Does he show an understanding of human nature here? What motive does he give for his act?

Why does his speech fail to have a lasting effect? Why does Shakespeare have him speak in prose?

2. Why was Cæsar's body given over to Antony? What do we learn of the man Antony by his speech? Analyze its thought. To what in the citizens does he appeal? Discuss his knowledge of men. In what crafty way does he destroy the effect of Brutus's speech? Why is it in verse? Where first does irony show in his voice when he speaks of "honourable" men? Just how does he touch the emotions and convince the judgment of the citizens? Show that his speech is "made by the audience." Discuss the value of concrete illustrations (the will, the torn garment) in his speech.

3. Could Cæsar's robe be one worn both to the senate and to war? What does Antony gain by saying that the robe was worn after Cæsar's battle with the Nervii?

Act III, Scene III

This scene is clearly for the purpose of letting us see the lawless and insensate citizens after they had been stirred by Antony's speech. They are a mob, ready to murder an innocent poet because he chances to bear the name of one of the conspirators.

1. Is the grim humor of this scene effective? In what way does it serve as a relief scene? In what way does the scene have dramatic value?

Act IV, Scene I

Light is thrown upon the characters of Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. With ruthless cruelty they prepare a list for a proscription. Each man wishes to include his enemies, and in cold-blooded manner they condemn friend and foe. The meeting occurs some time after Cæsar's death. The historical meeting actually occurred eighteen months after Cæsar's death.

1. What do you learn of Antony from his attitude toward Lepidus? Discuss the change we seem to find in him since the funeral oration. Compare his treatment of Cæsar's will then and now. What plan of campaign does Antony suggest?

2. Does Octavius show any strength of character here which foreshadows later opposition to Antony?
3. What is the dramatic purpose of this scene?

Act IV, Scene II

In contrast to the moral standing of the Triumvirs, we see the upright and moral Brutus. Dissension has already begun among the conspirators; the friendship of Brutus and Cassius is at stake.

1. What has come between Brutus and Cassius?
2. Is Cassius a "hot friend cooling"? Might he advance the cause better without Brutus?
3. Discuss the blunders Brutus has already been responsible for.
4. To what are we looking forward?

Act IV, Scene III

This famous quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius follows in time immediately after the preceding one. The two men enter the inner stage which represents the tent. The scene is a prologue to the next; when the conference ends, the battle begins.

Dramatically, the scene is highly effective. It is a study in friendship. Brutus, usually self-poised and dignified, quarrels childishly with Cassius. This testy bickering does not suit his noble nature. Sorrow over the death of Cæsar and deep grief over Portia's death are reasons for this lack of control. Cassius sees the fatal results of Brutus's errors in judgment.

1. Show that the friendship between Brutus and Cassius was an unequal one.
2. Point out the grievances of Brutus. Of Cassius. With whom do you sympathize? Give reasons. Does Cassius meet successfully the charges made by Brutus who shifts the quarrel to personal grounds? On what points was Cassius silent when he might justly have complained to Brutus? Has your respect for Cassius grown or diminished? For Brutus?
3. Does grief over Portia's death explain the testy and petty

spirit of Brutus? Does Shakespeare make him act "out of character" here?

4. Discover all references to Cæsar in the scene. What does it tell you of his influence?

5. In the reconciliation, which man shows the finer spirit? Who brings the quarrel to an end?

6. What is the dramatic function of the ghost? Name other Shakespearean plays in which a ghost appears. Why does the ghost appear to Brutus and not to Cassius? How is Brutus affected by the vision?

Act V, Scene I

The last act ends the work begun on the ides of March, and retribution falls on the chief conspirators. The entire act is but a description of the battle. Antony and Octavius disagree over plans of battle. The first advantage in the struggle is with Antony's party. The audience must feel the clamor and fierceness of war.

1. What is the disagreement between Antony and Octavius? Which one is right? Does good judgment win? Compare this quarrel with the one just read.

2. Would a modern audience enjoy the battle scene?

Act V, Scenes II and III

Note that Brutus's last fatal blunder was giving "the word too early," and that this brings defeat to his side.

1. What is the dramatic purpose of each scene?

2. Describe the death of Cassius. What has he said concerning suicide?

3. Note Brutus's manner over the death of Cassius.

Act V, Scenes IV and V

1. Discuss the action of Lucilius and its result.

2. What is the attitude of Brutus's friends toward him? What does he think of the justice and right of his cause? Of whom does he speak as he dies?

3. What tribute does Antony pay Brutus? What is Octavius's tribute?

COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION BOARD QUESTIONS[1]

1. (*a*) By what arguments did Cassius bring Brutus into the conspiracy against Cæsar? (*b*) Do you praise Brutus as a patriot and condemn him as a friend? Give reasons for your answer.

2. Prove by brief reference to the play the following assertions: (*a*) Brutus was an honorable man. (*b*) Brutus was an unreasonable man, too strongly set in his convictions to be moved. (*c*) Brutus was a tender man. (*d*) Brutus was an idealist.

3. Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be *wrought*
From *that it is dispos'd;* therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be *seduc'd?*
Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not *humour* me.

(*a*) Who speaks these lines? (*b*) Rewrite the part of the passage beginning "but he loves Brutus," substituting proper names for pronouns. (*c*) Explain the italicized expressions.

4. (*a*) What were the grounds of Brutus's quarrel with Cassius? (*b*) What elements in the character of each are revealed in this quarrel scene?

5. One critic asserts that Shakespeare had an enormous specific acquaintance with the common people; another, that he was essentially aristocratic. Which of these statements is true; or are both true? Illustrate by reference to as many as possible of the plays that you know.

6. In a Shakespearean tragedy there is usually a scene or group of scenes that makes clear the situation out of which the play develops; another that sets the main action going; another that marks the turning-point of the action; and another that brings it to a close. Indicate such scenes or groups of scenes from one of Shakespeare's tragedies, and show briefly how each fulfils its purpose.

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